

Andante.

1. Love not the world: its smiles, its hopes May lure thee on; But cup of joy, and
 2. Love not the world: it, with its lusts, Must pass a - way; Its pleas-ures sweet, its
 3. But he who does the will of God, For aye will live, And drink the streams of
 4. Dear fel - low - pil - grim in the path, Look up! Look on! There waits a - bove, a



dream of bliss, Will soon be gone. Those dreams will fade, as mist in morn; Those
 hopes so bright, Must all de - cay. Its glo - ries, too, must have an end, Must
 heaven's de - lights, Which Christ will give. He'll weep no more on that blest shore; No
 home of love, Where Christ is gone. And pleas - ures bright in courts of light Will



hopes will die; And in that cup of seeming joy, Deep sor - rows lie.
 pale and die, And all its emp - ty bub - bles burst; They're Sa - tan's lie.
 mar - vel this, For joys well up, and fill his cup— There's naught but bliss.
 sat - is - fy A heart at rest, su - preme - ly blest, With Je - sus nigh.

